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He Will Never Join his Playmates Again

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THERE'S BOUND TO BE A ROW.

Sec. 29.

I'm a poor unlucky married man,
I've such an awful wife,
To please her I do all I can,
But still she plagues my life;
If I do everything that's right,
She'll find a fault somehow,
And if I but stay out all night,
There's bound to be a row.

CHORUS.

There's bound to be a row,
There's bound to be a row,
Do all in life, to please my wife,
There's bound to be a row.

She wakes me in the morning,
In an awful cruel way,
She kicks me on the floor,
And not a cross word do I say;
And I have to wash my stockings,
And my shirts and fronts, I vow,
And if I don't wash hers as well,
There's bound to be a row.

She's taken in a lodger,
And he's single by the bye,
She says I must make room for him,
And on the sofa lie;
They eat the meat, give me the bones,
That don't seem right somehow,
But if I dared say half as much,
There's bound to be a row.

Sometimes she gives a party,
To some friends they dine at eight,
And I've to hurry home from work,
To be in time to wait;
And when they bustle me about,
If I doesn't scrape and bow,
And say, Yes, Sir, and thank you, please,
There's bound to be a row.

When I've earned my wages,
After working hard all week,
I turn it every ha'penny up,
And then she has the cheek—
To give me twopence, for myself,
And for that I have to bow,
And if I spend it all at once,
There's bound to be a row.



HE WILL NEVER JOIN HIS Playmates AGAIN.

The ev'ning was fair ere the sun went down,
Not a cloud in the blue sky was seen,
And all looked gay in the bright little town,
When the village lads play'd on the green,
The sound of their mirth reach'd a poor little child
On a lone bed of sickness and pain,
He heard them and said, as so sadly he smil'd,
"I shall ne'er join my playmates again."

Then gently they raised him that he might see
Where he played in the days that were passed,
And he said, "Dear friends pray tell them from me,
They were thought of and lov'd to the last."

The nightingale's song in the distant tree,
And the rivulet's murmur so gay,
With the sounds of mirth were borne on the breeze,
To the room where the little boy lay;
But he heard them not for so soundly he slept,
They might try to awake him in vain,
And his friends well knew as so sadly they wept,
He would ne'er join his playmates again.

Then softly they stole from the room so drear,
And their hearts were with sadness o'ercast,
When they told his friends and playmates so dear,
They were thought of and loved to the last.